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MADAME DULCKEN'S LAST SOIRÉE.

This took place on Wednesday evening week. The rooms were crowded in every part by a fashionable audience. The following programme was performed :—

GRAND QUINTUOR (D minor, Op. 38), Scherzo, Air with Variations, and Finale, Two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Bassoon di Camera, Messrs. Willy, Jay, Hill, Hausmann, and Hancock	SCHAFFNER.
ARIA, "O cara immagine," Mr. Beeston	MOZART.
GRAND QUINTUOR, for Pianoforte, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon, Madame Dulcken, Messrs. Gratian Cooke, Meyer, Jarrett, and Keating	BEETHOVEN.
RECIT. ed ARIA (MS.), Mademoiselle Schloss, with Orchestral Accompaniments	MENDELSSOHN.
SONATA (C minor), for Pianoforte and Violin, Madame Dulcken and Mr. Willy	BEETHOVEN.
ARIA, "All' desio," Mademoiselle Schloss.....	MOZART.
GRAND CONCERTO, in D, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Madame Dulcken.....	MENDELSSOHN.
GERMAN SONG, "Hark, hark, the lark," Mademoiselle Schloss	SCHUBERT.
Conductor, Mr. MUHLENFELDT.	

The *quintet* of M. Schaffner is one of those inspirations which come under the head of *music-making*. It involves so many movements, containing each so many bars—but how many of either is not of the slightest consequence, since, when all is over, not an atom can be recalled, even by the most retentive memory. To say which movement is better or worse than the others, would be invidious to the composer, whose ideas fall naturally into the order of a dead flat. One thing only struck us as remarkable during the performance of the *quintet*—viz. the exceeding *gothicness* of the workmanship. Some writers, be they ever so inventionless and their ideas ever so common or uncouth, make up for lack of *spirit* by cleverness of detail and completeness of outline. Not so M. Schaffner of Bordeaux, whose clumsy handling only makes the vulgarity and unrhythmicity of his subjects the more obtrusive and offensive. In fine, a composer more ordinary, *quoad* ideality—more extra-ordinary *quoad* manufacture—or more eminently dull in the combination of thought and development which makes up his works, than M. Schaffner of Bordeaux, never won the patronage and puffing of a morning newspaper—even of the *Times*, which is famous for patting mediocrity on the

head. The *quintet* was played well enough—though its provocativeness to yawning was more than once picturesquely indicated on the physiognomies of the unhappy artists whose task it was to interpret its unmeaningness to the audience.

Mr. Beeston has a good voice and sings with feeling—but timidity clipped the wings of his efforts. We shall reserve our opinion of this vocalist—of whom we may say, *en passant*, we have decided hopes.

Of Mendelssohn's new vocal composition we shall also reserve our opinion. Mdlle. Schloss good naturally lent us the score but most cruelly took it away from us before we had time to peruse it. We heard enough, however—for which we may thank the inspired vocalization of the clever German artist—to welcome a worthy addition to the "*Resta o cara*"—"Ah *Perfido*"—and other incomparable things of the kind, of Mozart and Beethoven—a class of composition of which our concert *repertoire* stands greatly in need, albeit the old favourites, being evergreens, can never die.

The execution of Beethoven's *quintet* (can such things as *this* and *that*—Beethoven and Schaffner—go by a common name?)—was as near perfection as the first-rate artists employed upon it could insure. Mad. Dulcken was delicious in the pianoforte part.

The sonata of Beethoven—perhaps his best for violin and piano—was exquisitely played by Mr. Willy and Mad. Dulcken. The violinist, though suffering from evident indisposition, was in no way daunted, but seemed rather to gather mental fortitude from bodily affliction, and played with the utmost energy of style and faultlessness of mechanism.

The lovely air from *Figaro* was charmingly warbled by Mdlle. Schloss, who maintained her right to all the eulogy which has been lavished on her by the artist-world and the press. She was encored in "Hark the Lark," which she poured forth with rapturous fervour :—

Merrily rang the notes she sang.*

For this she substituted "The Trout," one of the happiest of Schubert's happy thoughts—which Stephen Heller has doubly immortalised by his sparkling *Marceau de salon*. Nothing could be more delicate and thoughtful than the singing of Mdlle. Schloss—nothing more pure and sparkling than the accompaniment of Mad. Dulcken.

* Coventry Patmore.

The grand feature of the evening was Mendelssohn's second concerto—which, perfect as music, and perfect as execution, was listened to with breathless interest, and applauded with unrestrained enthusiasm. Mad. Dulcken was in noble vein and played right worthily, like one who can appreciate as well as mechanize.

And so end these charming reunions—until 1845 shall be followed to the grave by 1846, its successor.

J. W. D.

MR. ELLA AND HIS MUSICAL UNION.

A correspondent and a frequent contributor to the *Musical World* has sent us a paper for insertion on the above subject, which, as it does not entirely express our own views on the matter, we think better to produce with such commentaries as may strike us to be just and called for. There is enough in the paper to render it worthy the attention of our readers, and this authorises us to print it verbatim from our correspondent's manuscript.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—The taste for classical music is, it seems, at length finding its way into the upper circles. We wish Mr. Ella success in his new undertaking, although he has mistaken the nature of it. It is said that he talks of "sowing the seeds" of classical taste among the nobility—of opening an academy, in short, for instruction to the great at so much a quarter. If such be his intentions, he is unwise to let them transpire among his noble pupils. They may give him to understand, and that not in the pleasantest way, that he is the minister of their amusement, not of their instruction. Instead of sowing the seed, he is only going to reap the golden fruit. Mr. Ella, in a word, is a gentleman who, by the help of good fortune, and a certain pliancy of manner necessary to all who depend on the patronage of the great, has contrived to make an excellent connexion among the upper circles. The late Mr. Wesley used to say of one of his friends, that his success must be placed to the score of his merit, for it certainly was not owing to the merit of his score. The jest, although somewhat threadbare, will give us the key to the success of many a Mr. Ella, past, present, and to come. If this gentleman had a mind to speculate in the growing taste for classical music in the higher ranks, why not have suffered his undertaking to rest upon this respectable mercantile basis, without proclaiming himself a missionary of reform, and a high priest of the muse's mysteries. "The only true source of the ridiculous," says Fielding, "is affectation"—"nor do I believe," adds the inimitable novelist, "that any man living who meets a dirty fellow riding through the streets in a cart, is struck with an idea of the ridiculous in it; but if he should see the same figure descend from his coach and six, or bolt from his chair, with his hat under his arm, he would begin to laugh, and with justice." Thus Mr. Ella instead of being satisfied with what he is—a respectable gentleman in the quiet pursuit of his own interest—will insist upon being a public teacher, which he is not. It is the age which is the teacher. Haydn, Mozart, and their successors, sowed the seed, which the public mind is at length bringing to fruition. That Mr. Ella should have discovered when the golden harvest was ready for the sickle, is creditable to his industry and foresight, and let him, by all means, reap the benefit. He has been blamed for depressing the price of musical talent by availing himself of the gratuitous services of his professional friends. We do not see the justice of this charge. Those who make it overlook the benefit arising to the public from cheap concerts—the lower the price of musical talent, the cheaper the terms of admission. Who doubts the benefit of cheap law?—yet, cheap law, would ruin hundreds of lawyers.

J. G.

We altogether dissent from the latter portion of our correspondent's remarks. We do not wish to see the musical profession degraded below its actual standard, which, in all conscience, is mean enough. In England especially, where little or no honor is paid to musicians, however talented, and where a sound musical education is such an expensive and laborious matter, the only compensation for an artist is the chance of

ultimate independence. Moreover, in his enthusiasm for "cheap music"—the most hollow and stupid of all the popular cries—J. G. seems to forget that playing *for nothing* is rather too much to expect from men who have mouths to fill and bodies to clothe besides their own. It is the egotism of the cheap-every-thing-mongers to overlook the fact, that consumers can no more do without manufacturers than the latter without consumers—in respect, we mean, of the thing to be consumed. In other words, if the public want a tune, it must hire a fiddler—and fiddling being a luxury, it should not, by right, be obtainable at so low a rate as bread, butter, cheese and the other necessities of life. We must all eat and drink but we need not all fiddle. Fiddling to assist digestion is both healthful and diverting, but fiddling on an empty stomach is worse than a joke. We all of us—fiddlers included—become "the public," when beyond the pale of our own calling, and we contend that all of us—not excepting fiddlers—and being personally fiddlers, this shows the impartiality of our argument—should pay comparatively dear for our luxuries: e.g.—if for a loaf we pay threepence halfpenny, for a fiddle we should, in strict conformity to the wisest political economy, pay three crowns and half a crown—for as a fiddle is to a loaf so is a crown piece to a penny; we *cannot* live without a loaf or its representative in coin of the realm, but we *can* live without a fiddle or a crown piece. And it is precisely because Mr. Ella makes war upon the *bread* of his brother and sister artists, that we make war upon him and his **MUSICAL RUIN**—and shall continue to do so while we have a pen to wield and fingers to hold it.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

(From a Correspondent.)

The fourth soirée of the second series of this society took place in Berners Street, on Thursday evening. The performance commenced with Beethoven's quartet in B flat, played by Messrs. Case, Wheatley, Boileau, and Banister. Mr. Case is one of the rising violin players of this country, and acquitted himself most admirably. His conception of the great work he was called on to interpret was excellent, and in conjunction with his colleagues, he elicited loud applause. Miss Rollo Dickson and Miss H. Groom sang a duet, an adaptation from the andante of Beethoven's symphony in D, and were followed by Miss Duval, who introduced a new song, "Dream, baby, dream," the poetry by Barry Cornwall, the music by Mr. C. E. Horsley. This, which is a fresh indication of the genius of its composer, was encored, and too much praise cannot be given to Miss Duval for her admirable singing. Mr. Macfarren's piano-forte trio in E minor, played by Messrs. Jewson, Case, and W. L. Phillips, concluded the first act. This work was introduced by Madame Dulcken at her soirées last year, and is in every respect worthy of the great reputation of its author. Mr. Jewson played it most beautifully, and, in spite of its difficulties, rendered it exceedingly effective. Mr. C. E. Stephens' quartet, which had already been heard at this society last year, commenced the second part. As a composition, we prefer this work to its author's second quartet, which we heard a few weeks since. There is more freshness, and less pedantry—though in avoiding too much *show* of learning, Mr. Stephens has yet much to learn—but this will doubtless come in time, and we can heartily recommend Mr. S. to improve, by constant writing, the evident talent he possesses. A pretty "*Weberish*"

song by J. Barnett, was nicely sung by Miss Groom. The Misses Dickson, Groom, and Duval were encored in Richards' charming trio of "The fairies." Miss Dickson had previously sung W. S. Bennett's song, "May dew," but her performance was somewhat ineffective from her totally mistaking the time of this beautiful composition. In our opinion the time ought to have been as fast again. The soirée concluded with Haydn's great quartet in D minor, op. 76, played by Messrs. Case, Wheatley, Boileau, and W. L. Phillips, which was executed in a manner that left nothing to be desired. The effect of the canon in the trio was magnificent. The room was crammed, and the audience appeared delighted with their entertainment. Mr. H. B. Richards accompanied the vocal music most ably, and Mr. James Calkin directed the arrangements with that urbanity which ever distinguishes his proceedings.

[Circumstances having prevented our personal attendance on the occasion of the above soirée, we have gladly availed ourselves of the preceding notice—from the pen of an able musician and competent critic.—ED. M. W.]

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchetts that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. X.

A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

It will be unnecessary to say any thing by way of preface to the following letter, except that the author of it is intimate enough with me to write as he thinks. Should he, therefore, shock the prejudices of any of my musical readers by his plain speaking, I trust that they will not intrude themselves upon his secluded retreat, (a pleasant little retired village) for the sake of arguing the matter with him, but quietly think over the substance of his communication, and pardon his heterodox ideas in reflecting upon his unartificial country education.

"Steinfield, Feb. 5th, 1845.

Dear Lunn,

Here I am once more amongst the green fields, and glad enough I am to leave your smoky dingy metropolis, for the pure air of my native place. You see I did not stay in London more than six or seven months; not so long as I intended, I assure you, but I have something to tell you connected with my visit, which will, I think, surprise you. You have heard of heroic soldiers, no doubt, who, after leading forlorn hopes, rushing up to the cannon's mouth, and performing sundry other daring feats, have escaped, after a long campaign, without a wound: well, I have far outdone all these great conquerors put together; I have studied harmony in all its pristine complexity, and I live to tell the tale. Yes; I have actually advanced two months in mathematical music, and done sums on the slate in crotchets and quavers: I have reduced notes to vulgar fractions, and suffered like a martyr in proving that the perfect fourth is a discord. Of the various miseries I have undergone you can scarcely form an idea, but, as I feel that I can speak to you without reserve, you shall at once be put in possession of the plain unvarnished facts.

I had long entertained a desire to advance a little beyond the mere practical part of music, and, as I intended to stay in London for some time, I thought it an excellent opportunity for gratifying my wish. The very day after my arrival, therefore, I placed myself under a professor, and, undeterred by a ponderous book, which he assured me contained a clear exposition of the rudiments, I commenced the study in good health and spirits. Well, I got on pretty well through the common chord and its inversions, and arrived without the slightest accident at the added sixth, which I fagged at so hard that, in the course of a month, I began to see my way tolerably clearly. Not a little proud of my learning, I was induced, like most young and inexperienced people, to display a little of it in society, and, accordingly, one evening, having a piece of music before me in which the chord I have mentioned occurred, I assumed the air of a critic, and, addressing a professor who was near me, begged him to re-

mark what a "beautiful use the composer had made of the added sixth." To my surprise I received no answer, and, looking round, I saw that he smiled. I was, certainly, rather astonished at his manner, but I controlled my feelings, and, in the full security of my knowledge, merely observed that I supposed he did not like the way in which the chord was treated.

"Indeed, sir," said he, "I have no objection at all to make to the chord itself; but the name which you gave it struck upon my ear so strangely, that I could not forbear smiling."

"The name," said I, somewhat disconcerted, "why, surely, are you not a professor of music?"

"Most decidedly," said he, perfectly unmoved.

"And have never heard of the added sixth?"

"Never," said he: "but I see how it is; you have been studying under some person who has led you somewhat astray. May I inquire his name?"

I told him.

"Ah," said he, shaking his head, "I imagined so; you will never get on in this way. I have always taught on a decided system, which can be comprehended by all; roots of chords, with me, are mere child's play; and, if you will just come to the pianoforte, I will convince you of your error in a moment."

With this remark he seated himself at the instrument, and, after a great deal of explanation, (not one word of which I understood) proved to my entire satisfaction, that the best thing I could do was to begin again.

I will not detain you with any minute account of my disappointment at this intelligence. Suffice it to say, that I placed myself under my new friend, and, after spending a week or two in unlearning what I had previously learned, I managed at length to arrive at a very hopeful state of ignorance. But the system which my master taught, I shortly discovered, was opposed to the ideas of the majority of the profession; so that, instead of quietly yielding to my opponents, I very soon acquired the habit of battling for my notions to the last. In this, however, I was by no means singular, for, so far from finding the whole profession ranged against my master and myself, they had so many minute points of difference amongst themselves, that (like our games of cricket at school) they usually pursued the plan of "all against one another."

The several severe conflicts which I had now to sustain were great trials to my constitution; but I lived well, and took plenty of exercise. The difficulties were now closing in around me, and, in the complexity of figures and multiplicity of suspensions, retardations, and anticipations, I was gradually losing all relish for the pure melody and simple modulation which had delighted me in former days. The fundamental basses appeared to be a mere matter of taste, for, in one chord especially, I recollect that the root was placed lower and lower by each professor, until, at length, I began to fear that, unless I added another octave to the pianoforte, I should not be able to find it at all.

In spite of these obstacles, however, my master assured me that I was progressing rapidly, and, indeed, I believed that I was so, when, unfortunately, my strength failed me, and I was seized with a fever. For three or four days I was confined to my bed, and during the whole time, was muttering such extraordinary sentences to myself, that my landlady feared I had permanently taken leave of my senses. Kind soul! she did not know I was learning harmony.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I recommenced my exercises, and was quickly in the mysteries of the diminished seventh. Here, however, a new difficulty arose, for in a chord which I had before me as an example, the book informed me that the E flat was sometimes written D sharp. As I had been taught to imagine that these two notes were essentially different, I applied to my master for an explanation, when he instantly seized a sheet of paper, and covered it with minute figures; then drawing a diagram, and using a great many hard words, he concluded his lecture by saying:—"and that is the difference between D sharp and E flat."

Now just bear with me for a few moments while I relate an anecdote. There were, once upon a time, two knights, who, happening to meet in a spot where a shield was suspended before them, the one declared, upon his honor as a true and valiant warrior, that it was white, and the other, upon equally substantial security, that it was black. The laws of chivalry, of course, required that they should immediately have it out by a fight, and, accordingly, at it they went in the most approved style, until one was knocked over head foremost. The victor then dismounted, and, whilst in the act of advancing towards his vanquished foe, suddenly perceived that the shield was black on one side and white on the other.

Had these two knights, now, been content to call the object before them simply a shield, without caring whether it was white or black, much ill feeling, and even bloodshed, might have been spared, but, having once advanced a certain opinion, they were compelled to maintain it, at the risk even of their lives.

Thus, then, it is with music: although it is well known that on keyed

instruments we can make no difference between D sharp and E flat, and that, consequently, any instrument which does do so must be out of tune with the rest; still the distinction, real or imaginary, is thought worth fighting for; the gage, once thrown down, is instantly accepted, the lists are cleared, and the tilting continues with praiseworthy zeal and courage, until one of the combatants either sinks under the repeated blows of his antagonist, or retires decently from the contest.

Depend upon it all this must be put an end to before we can advance towards *rationality* in the art. We want something that shall give a death-blow to the cause of these petty differences; something that shall substitute pure utilitarianism for fanciful abstractions.

I have little more to say to you respecting my progress in harmony. You know that I was never clever at figures, and, after a few day's hard study, I was obliged to give up in despair, and return to the country to recruit my health. Since I have been here I feel almost a new being; and, in looking back upon my Herculean task, I can scarcely bring myself to believe that I have manfully contended with professors for certain doctrines, of which I have now not the slightest recollection. Before I conclude my letter, however, let me ask you a simple question. Are not the rudiments of harmony really as clear and as easily explained as the rudiments of any thing else; and, if so, do not these many artificial difficulties I have mentioned, carefully prevent them from becoming generally diffused throughout the nation? Do we not effectually tie a mill-stone round the neck of the art, and, standing upon the bank of the stream, expect to see it swim with ease. I am sure you will excuse my unsophisticated opinions, but it appears to me that the whole matter could be reduced to about three chords; and, as for the figures, I should like to have a whole day to cut them down, one by one: I have a strong suspicion that there would not be many left by nightfall. Pray write to me without reserve all you think upon the subject, and believe me to remain, as ever,

Yours, very truly,
RICHARD THURSTON."

HINTS TO ORGANISTS.

(From a Correspondent.)

There is an impression abroad, that the present race of English musicians are vastly inferior to those of former days. Nothing can be more absurd or ill-founded. Willbye, Ford, Gibbons, Purcell, Green, and fifty others that could be named, belonging to the old school, are not to be mentioned in the same day with the "Young Englanders" who now occupy the organists' seats in our churches, and who want only the opportunity to eclipse the glories of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and a host of other composers who are now held in undeserved esteem. Time was when it was considered necessary for a musician to be regularly trained. Genius outstrips old rules. How many of the talented men of the present day have attained eminence by a short cut, beating even the Mainzners and Hullahs all to nothing, having emerged from a year's self-taught practice on an old pianoforte, picked up at a sale, to become the owners of a splendid brass plate, inscribed in letters which they who run may read, "professor of music." The old system, indeed! Pshaw—it is out of date. It is to the bevy of modern musicians that the palm of excellence must eventually be awarded: but as there are still some of the old school remaining, who cannot be convinced of the superiority of the professors of this century, I would offer a few hints to the predominant talent of the day, with a view to mortify those who still adhere to the ancient system. And first, as to the method of chanting the Church service. Always play the *recitative* portion of the chant as fast as the voices can utter the words; the *a tempo* part, on the contrary, should be sung very slow, which will inevitably tend to make the voices sink, and thus afford an opportunity of showing that you are playing correctly, and convince the clergyman and congregation that it would be far better to leave this portion of the service to you alone. The music of the chant, too, should be lively—plenty of crotchets and quavers in it, as stepping-stones from one note to another, affording opportunity of gracefully sliding them into each other. Carry the same system into the graver chants, should you for the sake of variety sometimes select such: every minim will thus become two crotchets, and vastly improve the original composition. Above all things avoid the cathedral plan of hitting each note, as it were, on the head, and sticking to it. Cathedral organists are like the old roofs over them, stern and unyielding, but not half so useful; they, a century behind hand, adhere to old customs—never venture upon a flourish—avoid introducing now and then a graceful modulation into a psalm or chant, because it is not "in the

book"—and altogether repudiate those little delicacies which the modern race of players know how to adopt with effect.

In the choice of psalm-tunes, show that you are above prejudice. Cast aside the old Church melodies, as they are called, and adopt "New Sabbath," "The Sicilian Mariners," "Cheshunt," and all those fine creations of modern times which are emanations of true genius. What if their time was first beaten out on the lapstone, or stimulated the motion of the needle on the tailor's shopboard: is it not a glorious proof of the "march of intellect," when so insignificant a birthplace ushers such glorious conceptions into the world? The adoption of some of the compositions of recent date, such as those to which I have referred, will often cause an edifying repetition of some of the words; and if one should be decimated in the process, it will tend to keep up the attention of the congregation in order to join it again, thus—(Psalm xi.)

"Why should I like a tim'rous bird,
To distant moun—to distant moun—to
distant mountains fly?"

At the close of the tune, too, never adhere to the common chord, which some persons will stupidly tell you is a graceful and harmonious conclusion. Vary it—suspend the 4th as long as possible—and, above all, put in as many abstract chords as you can contrive to make while the voices are able to hold out the original chord. It makes an agreeable change, and evinces genius. There are but a few of the methods which could be pointed out, to show the superiority of present over past practice; and if strictly attended to, it will soon make the sticklers for the rigid system of bygone times hide their diminished heads.

VERSES FOR MUSIC.

By C. R.

Dream, dream, in the world of dreams,
We may lose the frowns of earth;
And think for a while, that the love which seems
Truth, is not heartless mirth:
For the world of dreams,
Is a world of joy,
Where hope is unblurred by the dull alloy
Of this sad and miserable earth.

Dream, dream, in the world of dreams,
We fancy this earth is bright;
Man may be true, and woman divine,
And the soul a thing of light:
For the world of dreams,
Is a world where tears,
And anguish, and grief, and clouded years,
Are lost in its rosy light.

Dream, dream, in the world of dreams,
We ravish a joy from time;
And the false will look like a living truth,
And meanness will seem sublime:
For the world of dreams,
Is a world whose hours,
Are strewn by the choicest and sweetest flowers,
We steal from the cup of time.

EPIGRAM ON THE PERFECT FOURTH.

A perfect fourth, cries Tom? Who'e'er gave birth
To such a riddle, should stick of fiddle
On his numskull ring, until he sing
A scale of perfect fourths from end to end.
Was ever such a noddy? Why almost every body
Knows that not e'en one thing perfect is on earth—
How then can we expect to find a perfect fourth?

C. H. P.

Original Correspondence.

A QUESTION ON NOTATION.

No. I.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

1, Hardman Street, Liverpool, Feb. 13, 1845.

Dear Sir,

In my former letter on this subject, I communicated the **ONLY FACTS** by which the question of an inquiring subscriber can be answered. At that time I claimed that the key-notes, placed in semitonic succession, form a scale of twelve equidistant sounds;—that the intonations of flat, natural, sharp, &c. notes depend upon their places in the chords which form a harmony, and not at all upon their notation;—that F, F sharp, G flat, G, &c. are common names for several sounds which cluster, within the range of nearly two commas, about as many places as have these designations. The following is the scale of numbers which represent the pulsations for treble C sharp or C, according as they stand in the tonic chord from A, D, B, E, flat, A flat;—in the scale from G, C, and F, as the SUBDOMINANT, TONIC, and DOMINANT eighth notes; and in the dominant chord from F and B flat: namely, 502·5835 as the sharp second and minor third note, —502·866 as the sharp sixth and flat seventh note, —503·303 as the sharp eighth and minor ninth note, —503·97598 as the sharp fifth and minor sixth note, —507·8877 as the major sixth note, —508 as the major third note, —511·4306 as the SUBDOMINANT eighth note, —512 as the TONIC eighth note, —512·589 as the DOMINANT eighth note, —513·1672 as the dominant fifth, and 514·2363 as the dominant major ninth note. Between the sounds signified by the lowest and the highest of these numbers the interval is about two commas. The difference between these two numbers is twelve; therefore, every unit in the gradation is equal to about the one-forty-eighth of a tone.

From the numbers which have already been given, to represent the pulsations for all the key-notes, the rates of pulsation for every other note of their chord may be found by multiplying the required key-note numbers by the following scale of multipliers which belong to the several notes of a chord, in the order of the scale of numbers just now given for B sharp and C: namely, —981607226, —9821406, —983013672, —985693273, —9919681836, —9921679688, —998888086, —1, —1·00115, —1·00225, and 1·003367773. From subdominant and dominant, the notes signified by the two scales of numbers, are, respectively, the one-ninety-sixth of a tone lower and higher, except the notes signified by the last two numbers in each of the two scales.

What I have here stated shews plainly enough that I differ entirely from the French theorists, and from others, who hold that the harmonies which arise from any bass note, consist in its eighth, twelfth, and seventeenth notes only: namely, the harmonies 2, 3, and 5 of the series now to be named. The harmonic sounds are numberless—they may be signified by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, &c. to infinity. M. Rameau confesses that he heard the harmonies signified by 7 and 9: namely, the flat seventh and the major ninth notes; but having already founded his theory of music upon the harmonies 2, 3, and 5, he adhered to the science of evidence too closely to lay any stress upon facts which went beyond the points required to prove his case. I consider that I have here satisfactorily systematized the added sixth notes with which M. Rameau and many others have had so much difficulty. The added sixth, seventh, and ninth notes are discords. Between the nature of these and that of the fourth or the eleventh note, about which Messrs. Flowers and Musica have managed to get up such “a very pretty quarrel as it now stands,” there is as much difference as there is between a verb and an adverb, or a noun and an adjective. The fourth or the eleventh note is one of the notes which ought to be called dissonances, because, obliged to be succeeded by the note which each of them has delayed, they may be compared to dissyllables in language. It is one of a class of notes which Fux, the German contrapuntist, easily explained, as the notes of some one chord being prolonged into the time of a succeeding bass note, either as syncopated, or prepared or unprepared appoggiatural notes, while, about the same time, M. Rameau was unprofitably speculating to explain them as arising from chords by supposition. Your correspondents upon Notation, and the fourth or the eleventh note, write as indistinctly, as one who, without any context, would ask the definite meaning of such words as then, there, right, light, and others, which have two or more meanings. Mr. Harding has, however, been less indistinct—he has indicated his meaning by the key-notes, G, B flat, and D flat. If Mr. Harding will listen carefully to F in the common chord from D or D flat, and afterwards to what appears to be the same note in the chord from B flat, he will find that it is a higher note;—the same may be said of G in the chord from E, E flat, and C; so that F and G are not points to guess from. In order to sift this matter, we will suppose the F sharp and G flat to be in the first space, and on the second line of the treble stave. The pulsations in a second for F sharp and G, in the key of G, are 339·5995 and 363·773;—for F and G flat, in the key of D flat, they are 339·0344 and 355·996;—and for F and G flat, in the key of B flat, they are 342·1114 and 356·6656; so that, as it happens, Mr. Harding is right by the interval $\frac{115}{119}$ —about the one-fifteenth of a tone; what he

comes of his theory, and the necessity for his divided key? The word "relative," which Mr. Harding uses, in his untoward figure about "relations" and "visitors," is a musical term. It is a *dernier ressort* word, to which M. D'Alembert was driven, in order to signify the fancied connexion between harmony in the major mode from C, and in the minor mode from A, which he found to be incapable of demonstration. If Mr. Wallbridge, or French Flowers, will very attentively scrutinize the intonations of the first concerted music they may hear, they will perceive that there is much more of truth than was intended in the expression—"I am still fully convinced that the subtle difference is totally apart from the real practice of music." Should an organ or pianoforte tuner dare to adopt this opinion in his practice, he would speedily find himself superseded in his business; and should this opinion meet the eye of a mathematician, or of a practical chemist, or of any other carefully scientific person, he would speedily denounce these gentlemen as persons who know about as much of the physiology of music as the ropemakers do about hemp-seed.

Yours, truly,
J. MOLINEUX.

P.S.—The B, in the seventh line of your page 90, (in my last letter), ought to have been B flat; and "genius," at the end of the tenth line of the same, should have been *genus*.

No. II.
To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,

London, Feb. 23, 1845.
The letters in the "Musical World," on the Enharmonic question, show a greater variety of opinions to exist on that subject than I could have anticipated. I was unaware that any person *musically* educated would consider the ascending enharmonic scale correctly written F, G flat, F sharp, G; it appears, however, that there are many, and amongst them your correspondent J. M. X., (J. Molineux, I believe.) In a former letter on this subject I stated that the proper notation of this scale, in ascending, should be F, F sharp, G flat, G; backing that opinion by quotations from the writings of some of our best theorists. Nevertheless, J. M. X. "has to inform me" that my "notions" are "unfounded." One of two things is certain—either J. M. X. is better theorist than Euclid, Kollmann, Keeble, Calcott, &c., or he is in error: the latter I opine to be the case, for many sufficient reasons. In the notation of every scale we proceed by the smallest distances of which that scale admits. Thus, in the ascending diatonic scale, F is followed by G; that sound being nearer to F than A, or any other above it. In the ascending chromatic scale, F is followed by F sharp, for the same reason; and in the ascending enharmonic scale, F *must* be followed by F sharp, if that sound is found to be less distant from F than G flat. That it is so is thus proved. Both "Enquiring Subscriber" and J. M. X. will admit that a fourth note is nearer the tonic than a fifth note. As in the ascending enharmonic scale from C, F sharp is the sharp fourth, and G flat the flat fifth, the former *must* be the nearest sound of the two; which at once establishes the accuracy of my opinion, and shows that my "notions" are not "unfounded." It would appear at first that the distance from F to F sharp is the same in both chromatic and enharmonic scales; but, as I have before stated with regard to the latter, our present system of notation is inadequate for its proper indication, as our instruments for its interpretation. J. M. X. appears to doubt the existence of the enharmonic genera in modern music; it however *does* exist, although differing in many respects from that of the ancients. Its use is to distinguish, in writing, those notes and chords which, although represented by the same sounds on keyed instruments, are essentially different in character, and involve totally different progressions. As therefore the scale exists, it is frivolous to quarrel with its name; and I do not think the term "nominal" so comprehensive for a scale which proceeds by quarter-tones as that of enharmonic.

In conclusion, "I have to inform" J. M. X. that those who arrogate to themselves the right of censoring others, should, at least, be free from the faults they condemn; and that if an indiscriminate use of technical terms constitutes "music slang," J. M. X. is far more liberal in its employment than myself or the other gentlemen he mentions. It requires no conjuror to tell us that a solitary note cannot correctly be spoken of as an interval; but in treating of the relative positions of two sounds, that word may be used with propriety, and comes no more under the denomination of "music slang" than does the elegant language of J. M. X. under that of "Billingsgate."

My object is not to interfere with the opinions of J. M. X., which are doubtless highly satisfactory to himself; or to disturb, in any way, the complacency which so evidently results from a firm conviction of his own profoundness; but to state, simply, an opinion on a very simple

subject, which, so far from being an "unfounded notion," is supported by *unquestionable* authorities. I trust to your inviolable impartiality in matters controversial for the insertion of this letter, and remain,

Dear Sir, yours most respectfully,

MUSICA.

P.S. I read the letter of Mr. Wallbridge's, in last Thursday's "Musical World," with much pleasure; for I regret to say, although very many share his opinion of six-part and other fugues, there are but few who have the hardihood, or rather contempt for the *cant* of science, to express their opinions publicly.

No. III.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,

I read with great pleasure last week the letter of your correspondent J. M. X., and perfectly sympathise with him in his denunciation of "music-slang." He speaks of "the capability to sing any tune from any given key-note, and to detect false notes, which may be observed in the majority of children and others who have not learned music technically;" and infers thence that music in its present aspect, as an organized science, by no means satisfactorily accords with this natural capability of mankind to comprehend it and execute it.

The same feeling led me to the construction of my system of sequential notation. I was resolved to make music as it is signified on paper, agree in simplicity with music as it seems to a totally uneducated person. The existing system I found required to be reformed altogether. No patching up and modification would do: it was necessary to rebuild it from the foundation to the chimney-pots.

The scale of sounds parts naturally into groups. These groups, diatonically disposed, consist of seven sounds; and chromatically of twelve. As, however, the diatonic nomenclature is the only species at present distinctly recognized, and, as in proceeding regularly upwards, the seventh note constitutes no finish in itself, but requires for that purpose the first note of the next group above, (on a repetition in a higher pitch of the first note of the seven) this concluding note is usually considered a necessary adjunct, and the entire group is called an *octave*. Looking upon it, however, independently of diatonic or chromatic arrangement, as consisting *elementally* of twelve sounds, and, by *selection* from these twelve of seven, I called the group by a name which would apply to either arrangement, and christened it a *sequence*. As the natural partition of the scale into sequence was taken as the basis of a new rational system of notation, I called this the *sequential* system.

With your permission, sir, I will give an extract from the review in the *Examiner* newspaper, because it furnishes a very luminous abstract of the principal matter—the formation of keys, and the method of writing them. Your readers and I shall then begin clearly to understand each other:

"Mr. Wallbridge begins the system, which is to banish existing anomalies, by taking the chromatic series of twelve notes, and naming them after the first series of numerals, 1, 2, 3, &c., to 12; a particular figure being invented for those numerals that are composed of two digits. These 'sequences' of twelve are, of course, repeated at every octave, and '1' always corresponds with the notes we now call 'C.' The numerals are the 'absolute' names of the notes; that is to say, the names of the notes considered apart from their reference to each other. To point out their position in the diatonic scales a new series of names is devised, corresponding to our words 'tonic,' 'dominant,' &c. These are the vowels pronounced in the continental manner, and increased to seven by the addition of a circumflexed A, and a dotted U; the order being U, O, A, E, U, I. These form a 'symmetric' sequence, or 'septaphon': being, in fact, the diatonic scale, with the omission of the octave. U is always the key-note, and, therefore, of course, varies (with the rest of the letters) in *absolute* value, according to the key in which a piece of music is played. The staff is composed of three lines only, which, allowing one note to be put beneath, and another above, furnishes lines and spaces sufficient for a diatonic scale. This staff does not denote the 'absolute,' but the 'relative' values of the notes placed upon it: and the note below it, being always called U, is subject to all the variations of that letter. The use of the 'absolute' names, is to give a signature to the key, which is done by declaring the value of U. Thus if '1' be written at the commencement of the staff, it denotes that U is what we should now call C, on the first note in the 'elemental' scale; if '2' be written, U becomes C sharp, on the second note in the elemental scale. The value of U being thus determined, and there being, moreover, a mark to distinguish major and minor, the value of the higher notes is, of course, easily supplied. Leger-lines there are none; but the shape of the note varies to show its 'absolute' value, or, as we should now say, to denote

whether it is to be taken at a certain pitch, or an octave higher or lower."

It is thus seen that the sequential notation is in direct opposition to the present notation. Instead of the chromatic scale being secondary to the diatonic, it is proposed that the diatonic should be secondary to the chromatic. There are no keys constructed with sharps and flats: the only sharps and flats are notes which depart from the key. The keys themselves are all equally natural, and all equally easy to read and to perform.

Mr. Flowers in his last letter says:—"If the name of the enharmonic scale be somewhat singular, yet its use is very clear: for it turns sharp into flat keys, and vice versa." Now, really, it seems to me that its use is quite as singular as its name, and much more of a nuisance. We want to know if sharp and flat keys cannot be turned into natural keys; and to perform such an office as that our poor enharmonic scale is altogether incompetent. Let it, then, be superannuated, and retire on a decent allowance of respect.

I am, Sir,

Yours, very truly,
ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE.

P.S.—In both my letters which precede this in the "Musical World," the following typographical errors occur. In the first I said that the sequential notation would abolish clefs, leger-lines, &c.: instead of clefs, it is made to read class. In the second letter, speaking of the objection of Utopianism, I said that I had quite made up my mind as to the value of this in the nineteenth century: to my astonishment I found on looking at the letter in print, that we were living in the eighteenth century. These are sad trials to the *irritabile genus!*

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,

I have observed in a very large majority of female voices which have not been trained at all, or which have not been spoiled by being trained from tenor C, that the best notes extend from the first or the second line to the fourth line, or the fourth space of the treble stave; and that below these notes there are others more masculine, and that above them there are other notes more feminine: making altogether three distinctly different kinds of tone. I have observed a similar constitution in all the other ranges of voice.

I perceive that there is an opinion that there are only two kinds of tone: for, in the first number of a work on singing, which is announced amongst your advertisements, there are, amongst other things, "instructions for uniting the head and chest voice." Will any of your artistic friends have the kindness to reconcile the inconsistency of these two and three kinds of voice by scientific explanation?

Yours, truly,

J. M. X.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Windsor, February 28th, 1845.

Dear Sir,

I am in want of a good treble voice in my choir (a boy), about the age of nine years, at all events, not exceeding ten. If you will make it known among your wide connexion of correspondents in the "Musical World," you will confer on me a great favour. The situation of chorister in this chapel is probably better than in any choir in the kingdom.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours, faithfully,

G. J. ELVY.

THE CONSONANT FOURTH AND DISSONANT ELEVENTH.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,

Will you permit me to offer an opinion on the discussion which at present is carried on in your estimable Journal, on the consonant fourth and the dissonant eleventh? A similar question was for a long time debated by the old masters, who at length concluded that the fourth should be considered dissonant on the bass, and consonant between the parts. This decision leaving much to be desired, has left artists at liberty to comment it each in his own way, and the following is the method I have adopted to obtain a satisfactory result, at least to myself. I have taken C and its unison in the key of C, and having reversed one of them, it produces a C an octave higher, expressed thus—1 : 2. I then divide it by its natural divisor the fifth G, and I find from C the funda-

mental note to G the divisor the fifth C G, which is called harmonic, thus expressed—2 : 3; and from this G to the octave C, I find the fourth G C, which is called arithmetical, thus expressed—3 : 4. The result of this demonstration is, that the fourth is the inversion of the fifth its compliment; can it therefore be dissonant? Can the octave which is the most perfect interval be consonant as bass and dissonant an octave higher? That appears to me would be neither natural nor logical. Can a perfect fifth produce by inversion an imperfect fourth? It would follow from such reasoning that an imperfect fourth would produce in its turn a perfect fifth.

The consonant fourth is included in the second inversion of the perfect chord CEG $\frac{5}{4}$, first inversion EGC $\frac{5}{3}$, second inversion GCE $\frac{6}{4}$. If this fourth were dissonant, it would be obliged to descend in its resolution to B thus—GEC $\frac{5}{4}$, GDB $\frac{5}{3}$, CEC $\frac{5}{2}$. But as this C may rise to D and then descend to C, it seems to me that we are at liberty to make it descend to B or rise to D, as GEC $\frac{5}{4}$, GFD $\frac{5}{3}$, CEC $\frac{5}{2}$. The first example is the most used, but that does not authorise us to consider this fourth dissonant; for the C may rise to D and then descend a minor third to B, and make its resolution on C in the following manner—GEC, GFD, GFB, or GDB, and then CEC. But when this same C is used as an eleventh, it is no longer derived from the perfect tonic chord, but is derived from its fundamental chord—G, B, D, F, A, C; and in three parts is accompanied by the fifth, and not by the sixth, upon which note it must make its resolution. In this case the eleventh is not dissonant on the bass, but on the fifth in its quality of seventh, and makes its resolution on the sixth, which is third to the bass. When the eleventh is used at the distance of a fourth from the bass, it then becomes a second below the fifth, as the inversion of the seventh, and makes its resolution on the third. What confirms me in my opinion is, that all fundamental chords are composed of uneven numbers, and to obtain the even numbers 6, 4, 2, we must have recourse to inversions. The chord of 4 and 5 cannot therefore be a fundamental chord. In ancient and also in modern music we find final cadences in which two fourths are used, one consonant, and the other dissonant thus—GDB $\frac{5}{3}$, GEC $\frac{5}{4}$, GDC $\frac{5}{2}$, GDB $\frac{5}{3}$, and CEC $\frac{5}{2}$. This chord of fourth and fifth I consider as eleventh and fifth.

LE CHEVALIER CATRUFO. ▶

Provincial Intelligence.

MANCHESTER.—On Monday evening, the 17th ult., a miscellaneous concert took place in the Flower Field School, Newton, under the able superintendence of Mr. Thomas Burgoine, the talented musician of that neighbourhood. The principal performers were Messrs. Higham, Boyle, Welch, and Taylor, from Manchester, whose services on the occasion were well and deservedly applauded. A concerto played on the flute by Mr. Burgoine, called forth the plaudits of the audience. Several songs were sung by Mr. Boyle and Mr. Taylor, some of which were encored. The use of the school was gratuitously allowed by Thomas Ashton, Esq., of Hyde, for the purpose of encouraging the musical talent in that township.—*Manchester Times*.

CHESTER.—A concert was given in the great room at the Royal Hotel, in this town, by Mr. Sherwin, late Vicar Choral of our Cathedral, now of Lichfield. Many of the principal nobility, clergy, and gentry of the town and neighbourhood, among whom we noticed the Right Hon. the Earl Grosvenor, the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean and family, Rev. Canon Bloomfield, Rev. T. Lyons and family, &c. &c. The first part of the programme was sacred. "Comfort ye my people," from the *Messiah*, was sung by Mr. Pearsall, with great judgment. A duet from *Judas Maccabaeus*, sung by the two Miss Williams, was delightful. Pergolesi's "O Lord have mercy," excellently sung by Mr. Sherwin, and showed to advantage his fine bass voice. Miss A. Williams' "With verdure clad," Mr. Pearsall's "Deeper and deeper still," and Miss M. Williams' "O Salutaris," were all excellent. The second part consisted of a miscellaneous selection. Mr. Owen, of this city, presided at the pianoforte, and gave general satisfaction. We have to thank Mr. Sherwin for the treat he has afforded the lovers of music in this vicinity.—*Chester Chronicle*.

LIMERICK (Feb. 28).—Mr. Templeton has met with great success here for the last three evenings. The gems of last evening were—"I love her, how I love her!" and "All's Lost." The former was encored. Mr. Blewitt presided at the pianoforte with ability. There will be a morning concert on Saturday at the Theatre, which is likely to be well attended.

DUNDEE.—The second annual meeting of the Dundee Choral Society was held at the School, Dundee Chapel, Ramsbottom. A selection of sacred music went off with satisfaction to the audience. This society, which has sprung up under the patronage of John Grant, Esq., consists principally of young people connected with the works of the Messrs. Grant, and reflects credit upon the diligence and ability of all concerned. The principal performers, besides the regular choir, were Mrs. Leeming, Miss Hatfield, Messrs. Wroe, Openshaw, and Mellor, the whole under the leadership of Mr. Hacking, of Bury. There was a respectable attendance. We noticed among others present, Mrs. John Grant and family, J. Knowles, Esq., of Tottington, Mr. Greig, of Rose Bank, and the Rev. Mr. McLean, incumbent of St. Andrews, Ramsbottom, &c.

BRISTOL.—Mr. Wilson has announced an entertainment in Bristol, when we have no doubt he will be received with the enthusiasm that usually greets his arrival in this city. Mr. Land, who has attended Mr. Wilson through his career, and whose elegant pianoforte style is itself a feature in the entertainment, still accompanies Mr. Wilson; indeed, neither Mr. Wilson nor the public could dispense with so valuable an accompanist.—*Great Western Advertiser.*

WOODFORD.—The third subscription concert was well attended. The singers were Madame F. Lablache, Miss Steele, Mrs. H. Chatfield, Hobbs, and F. Lablache. Madame Dulcken played a fantasia by Henselt, and took part in a duet with Mr. F. W. Bates, a very clever and rising pianist. Mr. Bates presided at the pianoforte with ability.

CHATHAM. (*From a Correspondent.*)—Mr. Rogers, Band Master of the Chatham Division of Marines, has announced his annual concert at Rochester, under the patronage of all the civil and military officers of the Garrison and Dockyard at Chatham. He has engaged Miss Agnes Taylor, Miss Eliza Birch, Miss Rogers—an excellent pianist—and the gentlemen of the Rochester Cathedral. Mr. Rogers will also be assisted by the band of the Societies in Rochester, which have given so much pleasure to the gentry in the neighbourhood, during the winter, under Mr. Rogers' direction.

Miscellaneous.

MR. LUMLEY has arranged with M. Escudier, the music publisher, for the right of performance in England of Felicien David's *Ode Sinfonie*, called *Le Desert*. Mr. Lumley is to pay £400 for the privilege.

THE CATCH CLUB will commence its meetings to-morrow, being the eighty-third season.

CROSBY HALL.—Mr. G. Case and Mrs. Newton gave a concert here on Wednesday evening week. The lady sang a variety of songs, &c., and Mr. Case performed a solo on the violin and concertina; a trio by Mr. Case, Mr. R. Blagrove, and Mr. Sedgwick, on three concertinas, was very successful. Miss E. Ward executed a fantasia on the pianoforte. Messrs. Richardson and Lazarus were encored in "Lo! here, the gentle lark." Several vocal pieces were given by Miss Rainforth, Mrs. A. Shaw, Messrs. Begrez, and John Parry; Mr. C. Severn presiding at the pianoforte. Mr. Sporle was encored in a new song, "Hope on."—(*From a Correspondent.*)

SIR HENRY BISHOP, it is said, accepted the conductorship of the Philharmonic concerts, with an understanding that he would give up the *baton* to either Spohr or Mendelssohn, as occasion presented itself; a liberality rather unworthy a musician of his reputation.

MR. JOHN PARRY has been singing at the Haymarket Theatre with great success. Her Majesty and Prince Albert visited the theatre on Friday, and expressed themselves highly pleased.

MISS DINAH FARMER and MISS FLOWER'S SOIRES.—The third and last of these took place on Tuesday, 25th ult. at Blagrove's, Mortimer Street, to a room crowded in every part. The programme on the whole was somewhat heavy. The two fair beneficiaires, however, fully maintained their reputations. Miss Farmer played Thalberg's *Fantasia* on Russian airs, with great spirit,—more delicacy of touch will, no doubt, come with time. Miss Flowers sang with taste and feeling Haydn's touching canzonet, "*My mother bids me bind my hair,*" and a Scotch ballad, which was encored. Miss Lucombe, "the fairest of blonde's with her fawn-coloured hair," sings very charmingly, but was unfortunate in the choice of her songs; surely they might adjust the dead weight of these concerts with a more equal balance. The classical scale fairly kicked the beam this evening. Barnett's song—"I've been to the woods," was excellently delivered. Mr. Weiss was encored in a pretty song by Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Harrison, who was to have sung Balfe's ballad—"He may be happy yet," did not make his appearance. Upon taking our leave of the fair aspirants, we may congratulate them upon their having obtained the substantial part of success, at least, if the crowded state of the room may be taken as any indication of it.

THE MISSES LYONS' SOIRES.—The second took place on Monday evening, at Blagrove's room, to a full, although not crowded, attendance. We arrived too late for a quartet by Haydn. Lord Westmoreland's *serenade*, a melodious composition, was excellently sung by Mr. Cox. Balfe's cavatina *non r'è donna*, has some occasional sparks of fancy, and was excellently sung by Miss Cubitt. Ellen Lyon was happy in her interpretation of Handel's "*From mighty Kings.*" Mr. Wrighton obtained an encore for the song, "*Many happy returns.*" The popular trio from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, was well delivered by the two beneficiaires and Miss Groom. A trio of Corelli was admirably performed by Mr. Guest, Mr. Case, and Mr. Lovell Phillips. Miss Ellen Lyon selected the *cavatina* of Rossini, "*Bright flattering rays.*" to display her vocal powers, and delivered it with such spirit and brilliancy as to obtain an encore. Her voice greatly improves upon acquaintance. Miss Eliza Lyon in "*Coming thro' the rye,*" showed much quaint and characteristic humour, obtaining also a well merited encore. After Mr. John Parry had sent the company into convulsions, we left the room at considerably past eleven, leaving the tail of the concert—half an hour long—behind us.

ANCIENT BRITONS.—The 131st anniversary of the Society of Ancient Britons was celebrated on Saturday, in the Free-masons' Hall, the Earl of Powis presiding. Two hundred children, belonging to the Welsh School, passed around the hall, and some of them sang an Ode, written by Florence Wilson, to the air of "*Ar hyd y nos*" (The live long night), which was encored. Several Welsh melodies were sung by Machin, J. O. Atkins, Young, Fitzwilliam, Collyer, Parry, &c. &c., accompanied on the pianoforte by H. B. Richards, and the harp by E. Roberts, who played an air, with variations, on the triple stringed harp. A recitative, sung by Mr. Atkins, as chief bard, and chorus, accompanied by a band of wind instruments, written by the late Mrs. Hemans, on the landing of the Romans in this country, and adapted to a Welsh air, was loudly encored. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Parry, being his forty-third (annual) appearance in that character. A collection of nearly a thousand pounds was made, including a hundred guineas from the Queen.

THE PUFF POETICAL.—The following is a good specimen. "Jullien's star has guided him to the very point where his natural genius and his adopted profession intersect each other. He has been dropped, as it were, into the very niche of this habitable world, suited and intended for him—in short, he has been made for his calling and his calling for him. Certes, at the head of his band, flourishing his sparkling baton—*his eye 'in a fine frenzy rolling'*—his handsome face lighted up with the enthusiasm of the moment—*his attitude embodying (so to speak) the very sounds elicited from the instruments around him*—he does present to our eyes the very beau ideal of a maestro of a band: he looks the master spirit that animates the minds of his musical corps—a *Prometheus vivifying human clay with the fire that glows so warmly in his bosom*. Still, a general without soldiers would be a nonentity; and Jullien has kindred souls in his far-famed band, that enter into his enthusiasm, and, obedient to the slightest wave of his baton, '*pour la full tide*' of harmony on the ear, or diminish their *plaintive strains* to the softest *pianissimo*." Thus sings our cotemporary, the "Bath and Cheltenham Chronicle," to whom M. Jullien ought to be very much obliged.

MELODISTS.—The second meeting of the Melodists' Club occurred on Thursday. Sir A. Barnard presided; and the following vocalists were present:—Messrs. T. Cooke, Turner, E. Taylor, C. Taylor, H. Gear, King, Horn, Machin, Bradbury, Parry, Francis, Moxley, Foord, Manvers, Sinclair, and F. Lablache. "*Non nobis*" was followed by Dr. Cooke's "*Amen*." T. Cooke's glee, "*Strike the lyre*," and Callcott's "*With sighs sweet rose*," were well sung; and a duet by H. Gear and F. Lablache. Sinclair was encored in a Scottish ballad, and Machin in "*Down among the dead men*." Manvers gave a serenade by Roche, and Mr. C. Taylor one of Dibdin's songs. Mr. T. Wright played a *solo* on the harp—Herr Meyer an *aria*, performed on the clarinet, accompanied on the pianoforte by Benedict, who, in the course of the evening, played a *fantasia*, in which he introduced Coleman's *Eolian attachment*. Mr. Parry, the honorary secretary, announced that the Duke of Cambridge would preside at the meeting in April, when the prize offered by His Royal Highness for the best convivial duet would be awarded.

BEETHOVEN AND MENDELSSOHN.—The *Hymn of Praise*, (*Lob-gesang*) may take rank next in order to the *Paulus*, among the inspirations of the composer. It is styled, with propriety, a *sinfonia cantata*, for though the first three movements are purely instrumental, and in the symphonic form, the remainder is a succession of vocal pieces, solo, concerted, and in choir. Glancing at the mere design, the *Lob-gesang* may be thought to have originated from the ninth symphony of Beethoven in D minor, descriptive of Schiller's *Ode to Joy*. At all events, though the subject of Mendelssohn is sacred and that of Beethoven profane, the similarity of structure in the works suggests an unavoidable comparison between the two greatest musicians since Mozart. The simplicity of Beethoven and the elaboration of Mendelssohn, exerted in these masterpieces to their utmost power of utterance, afford an interesting and instructive contrast. It is only when such qualities are displayed by men whose genius and attainments are of the highest order that we can have a chance of judging which of them is preferable to the other. In our sphere of critics we shall make so bold as to say that an attentive hearing of the two works, the *Ode to Joy* and the *Hymn of Praise*, leads to a certain conclusion in favor of the superiority of the former. Simplicity

is beyond elaboration—Beethoven is sublimer than Mendelssohn. After the *Ode to Joy* we feel fresh, exhilarated, content—after the *Hymn of Praise* we feel exhausted, gloomy, sick of our delight—our excitement has been a mingling of restlessness and despondency—the labor of attention has made the spirits flag, and, while we wonder, we complain. Yet as we are listening to either, we are equally astonished at the manifestation of genius, and only when we can take a retrospective consideration of the grand whole have we any notion that one is more transcendent than the other. Beethoven's longest work is short—Mendelssohn's shortest work is long—of course we mean by comparison. A student, however, will learn twenty times more of the necessary detail of his art—harmony, counterpoint, and what not—from Mendelssohn than from Beethoven. The truth is, that Mendelssohn is a more elaborate musician than Beethoven, though not so deep a poet nor so great an artist; and by artist, be it understood, we mean one who has science at command, and can apply it to the purposes of universal truth—one to whom it is a means, not an end;—indeed, in the esoteric sense, artist is the noblest epithet that can be bestowed on humanity. And who shall be called a greater artist than Beethoven?—unless it be, indeed, divine Mozart, who to the simplicity we have eulogised in Beethoven, added even more than the learning that astonishes us in Mendelssohn. Mozart must surely be the harmony of Shakspeare—so human is he, so universal, so profoundly natural!—*Morning Post*.

BEETHOVEN AND THE FELONIES OF THE AUSTRIAN POST OFFICES.—Every person who has lived in Austria knows that letters are there not only opened quite *sans façon*, but that, moreover, if they contain the least thing unpleasant to the authorities, they are kept back, (*anglice stolen*) and never reach their destination. But, as such a state of things would mar even the most common epistolary communication, the government has adopted a certain plan, by which a person *may* ensure the safe arrival of a letter—provided always that it is quite harmless. This is done by way of what is called a *Ré-tour Recepisse*—viz., on paying a certain sum you receive in due time a printed form, on which the person to whom you have written certifies by his signature the safe arrival of the letter. Beethoven, who was *wide awake* to the position of the country in which he lived, never sent a letter, however trivial, without the precaution of such a *Ré-tour Recepisse*, on which score Schindler made him often reproaches, as it is a very expensive way of corresponding. Lewis, however, was not to be moved an inch, and said "If I write letters, they shall, at least, arrive safely." *Apropos*; do the English know that Beethoven left about one hundred *fasciculi* of MSS. (*Conversations Büchen*), in which he had noted every thing worthy of his attention—and this was, we may fairly say, *every thing*. Schindler, however, says that he *dares* not publish these things *yet*. Now, therefore, we know only Beethoven the musician, but then we shall know Beethoven the philosopher, moralist, and politician.

J. L.

ÆOLIAN ATTACHMENT.—A Mr. Akerman of Bridgewater claims the merit of this invention, and asserts he is prepared to bring forward several influential parties to testify that as much as ten years ago he placed a pianoforte with a *seraphine* attachment in the parish church of Bridgewater. If this be true, we are not indebted to "Brother Jonathan."—*Great Western Advertiser*.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE will direct the first concert of Ancient Music, on the 23rd of April.

MR. GEORGE STANSBURY is seriously ill; his medical attendants give small hopes of his recovery.

MADEMOISELLE SCHLOSS, Miss Dolby, Mr. F. Robinson, Mr. J. Robinson, and Madame Dulcken, are engaged for a concert at Manchester, on Friday, the 28th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. L. LINDLEY—received with thanks; our notice was not intended for our correspondent, who has been ever most regular; we feel grateful for the kind wishes so warmly expressed in our favor. **MR. MONK**—received with thanks. The M. W. shall be forwarded as directed. **J. H.**—the first tickets worth having shall be sent to our worthy correspondent, and we shall be delighted to receive the letter on Musical Education. **MR. CHARLES BARRETT** caught his cold in a good cause—Antigone was well worth it—the enclosure came to hand. **AMICUS**—the style of our correspondent's communication is too severe for our columns. **SIGNOR CARLO MINASI**—**MR. J. WOOLEY**—**MR. HACKETT**—**MRS. DAVIES**—**MR. B. JOULE**—and **MR. WEISS**—received with thanks. **A. O. INQUIRER**—their queries shall be answered in our next. **MR. LEMARE**—they shall be sent as soon as completed. **MR. VENUA**—the notice has been some time in type, but has been unavoidably delayed till now. **MR. G. VICKERS**—we have inserted the paragraph, and shall be glad to hear from him often. **W. C. M.**—**Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.**, of No. 201, Regent Street, will supply the required information.

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MONDAY EVENING, March 10, 1845, at Eight o'Clock.

PART I.—Glee, "Blow, gentle gales," Mrs. W. H. Seguin, Miss Lanza, and Mr. W. H. Seguin—Sir H. R. Bishop, Song, "The Wanderer," Mr. Hart—Schubert, Fantasia, Pianoforte, on Jullien's favourite Polka, Mr. Cohan—Cohan, Duetto, "Li ci darem la mano," Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seguin—Mozart, Solo (Grand Cavatina), Bassoon, Mr. [Baumann—Rossini], Aria, "Come innocente giovane," Miss. E. Lyon—Donizetti, Quintet, "Robert tol que j'aime," arranged and executed on the Sax Horns by Mr. Distin and his Four Sons—Meyerbeer, Ballad, "The Hindoo Widow," Miss Sara Flower—Guernsey, Fantasia, Harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, "Les Fleurs d'Italie introducing the March de Bellasse, and Romance, "Una furtiva lagrima," from L'Elisir d'Amore—Frederick Chatterton, Song, "Look forth, look forth, my fairest," Mr. W. H. Seguin—Balfe, Fantasia, Pianoforte, introducing "Viv'i tu" from Anna Bolena, "Doh Conte" & "Grand March" from Norma, Mr. Cohan—Cohan, Scotch Ballad, "Smile again, my bonnie lassie," Mrs. W. H. Seguin—Parry, Aria, "Notte tremenda," Miss Lanza, Fantasia, Trumpet, Mr. Distin, in which he will introduce the voice part of "The Soldier tir'd," Dr. Arne. In the course of the Evening, The Historical Romance, "Fayre Rosamonde," A.D. 1164. Written by Albert Smith, composed and sung by Mr. John Parry. PART II.—Trio, "My lady the Countess," Miss E. Lyon, Mrs. W. H. Seguin, and Miss Sara Flower, Cimarosa, Fantasia, Pianoforte, introducing the air, "Still so gently o'er me stealing," from Sonnambula, Cohan, Aria, "Se mi abbandon," Miss Sara Flower, Mercadante, Solo, Guitar, Don R. Ciebra, Ballad, "Kathleen Mavourneen," Mr. F. Crouch, F. N. Crouch, Quintet, Lucia di Lammermoor, Sax Horns, Messrs. Distin, Donizetti, Ballad, Miss Lanza, Ballad, "The Gipsy Bride," Miss E. Lyon, S. Rossini, Duet for Two Guitars, from Robert le Diable, Don J. and Don R. de Ciebra, Meyerbeer, Aria, "Ah che forse," Mrs. W. H. Seguin, Pacini, Ballad, "Wild Machree," Mr. F. N. Crouch, Crouch, Paghiera, "Dal tuo stel ato soppio," Tutti, (Mosè) Rossini.

Conductor, Signor Lanza. Tickets for the body of the Hall, 2s. 6d., Gallery 3s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s. To be had of Mr. I. Cohan, at his Residence, 26, Soho Square; of the Librarian, at the Institution; also of all the principal Musicsellers.

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Mr. Paul Bedford	Miss S. Novello	Mr. Hill	Miss Leggett
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Mr. Manvers	E. Lucombe	Mr. Penniker	Miss C. Barnes
Mr. W. H. Seguin	Miss Clara Seyton	Mr. Castellari	Miss Duval
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J. B. CRAMER.

December 6th, 1842.

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